

The Guide to Holiness.

FEBRUARY, 1858.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

TRUTH.—The following beautiful illustration of the simplicity and the power of truth, is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, formerly editor of the Albany State Register. He was an eye witness of the scene in one of the higher courts.

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your Honor," said the counsel, addressing the Court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge, "come here, my daughter."

Assured, by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidently up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered,

"No, sir."

She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake. "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No sir; I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible, open.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it, and answered, "Yes, sir, it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated, slowly and solemnly, the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the judge, "you have sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State Prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge, again.

The child took the Bible, and, turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and, last night she called me to her room, and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments, and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth, as it was, before him. And when I came up here, with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the Ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth, as spoken by that little child, was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies, till he

deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured for him a sham defence. But before her testimony, falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her, to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villainy to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity—terrible I mean to the prisoner and his associates—with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.

ANECDOTE OF HAVELOCK.—At the recent meeting of the shareholders of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, the chairman alluding to the loss of the *Erin*, related the following anecdote respecting General Havelock: "On board that ship, a passenger in private clothes, was Colonel, now General Havelock. When the vessel struck, between twelve and one o'clock in the morning, a half gale of wind blowing at the time, Colonel Havelock sprang upon the deck, and seeing some confusion, said, in that sharp, military tone, that always arrests attention, 'Men, be steady, and all may be saved; but, if we have confusion, all may be lost. Obey your orders, and think of nothing else.' They did so, and behaved in the most excellent manner. Next day all the lives on board were saved, together with the specie and the mails. On the shore, immediately afterwards, Colonel Havelock, mustered the men, and said, 'Now, my men, let us return thanks to Almighty God for the great mercy he has just vouchsafed to us.' They all knelt down, he uttered a short prayer of thanksgiving, and, as his, (the chairman's,) informant, who was one of the officers of the ship, told him, the Colonel then rose up and walked away as coolly as if nothing had happened."

THE LAST HOURS OF AN ACTRESS.—In the early stages of Rachel's final illness, her fondness for gold and jewelry did not desert her. She frequently had her jewels and rich garments brought to her bed, and beguiled the weary hours in looking them over, and, on one occasion, after taking one long, lingering look at them, she exclaimed with a sigh of heartfelt distress, "*Il faut donc quitter tout ?*" "Must I then abandon all?" Her death struggle was long and severe, and her last hours are described as agonizing.

TRUTH STRIKINGLY ILLUSTRATED.—A Christian man's life is laid in the loom of time, to a pattern which he does not see, but God does, and his heart is a shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow, and, on the other, is joy; and the shuttle, struck alternately by each, flies back and forth, carrying the thread, which is white or black, as the pattern needs, and, in the end, when God shall lift up the finished garment, and all its changing hues shall glance out, it will then appear that the deep and dark colors were as needful to beauty, as the bright and high colors.

A NOBLE ACT.—The *Milwaukie News*, of a late date, records as follows, one of the bravest and noblest acts ever performed by a railroad engineer:

On Wednesday last, as the train on the La Crosse railroad was coming east, and when about a mile east of Cambria, the engineer saw a little boy about five years old on the track. He immediately whistled to "break," and reversed the engine, but it was on a down grade, he soon found he could not stop the train, which, when the child was first seen, was under full motion. The engineer stationed himself on the fore part of the locomotive, and watched his chance, jumped ahead of the engine, snatched the boy from the track, and thus saved his life. The train passed on some distance and then stopped. The name of the engineer is L. T. Meade, who deserves unqualified praise for his noble act. There are few men who possess the courage and nerve to perform such a feat. But he is rewarded; for the pleasure to such a man, of having saved the life of "some one's little boy," is infinite. Take it altogether, it is the best and noblest act of engineering that we have heard of.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

AN ANNOYING BLUNDER.—We were sorry to learn, from communications received, that our correspondents have been subjected to perplexity, and in some instances extra expense, by a blunder committed by the printer, in that section of the *TERMS OF THE GUIDE*, relating to the direction of business letters. In explanation, we would simply say, that, for a short time previous to the January issue, we printed a separate cover for our Canadian subscribers, in which all business communications were requested to be directed to our agent in Hamilton, C. W. The types containing this clause, were

by mistake transferred unaltered to the cover intended for the States. We regret the blunder, and will gladly refund any extra expense to which our friends may have been subjected. All communications on business, (excepting for Canadian subscribers,) and for the press will be directed, as formerly, to the publisher in Boston.

SPECIMEN COPIES OF THE GUIDE.—We purpose, this year, as far as possible, to furnish a specimen of our monthly to every clergyman of our church, and also to those of other denominations, where we can obtain their address. Could we enlist the co-operation of those brethren in the ministry interested in the Guide, we might accomplish this to a very great extent at the session of the several conferences. Should any one feel disposed to aid us in this matter, let them address us just before the session of their Conferences, giving us about the number of copies needed to supply each minister, and we will make arrangements to forward. The copy sent may not be the most recent, but will serve as a sample of the work, and will be accompanied with a circular inviting co-operation in its circulation.

A NEW FEATURE.—At the suggestion of a beloved friend and contributor, whose heart is ever alive to whatever may promote the cause of holiness, we have concluded to furnish occasionally a page of choice music for the Guide. We have often noticed, at camp-meetings and other religious gatherings, the influence of holy song in advancing the spiritual condition of the church, especially when the music has been invested with the charm of novelty and attractiveness. In hope of accomplishing the same object, we now propose to introduce, from time to time, some of the most favorite airs accompanied with such words as shall conduce to spirituality. We give, in the present number, the music, set to the words, "Glory to the Lamb," which, when sung at the proper time, has often produced thrilling effects. The heart must be prepared, however, before this ascription of praise can find an appreciative response.

RIPE FOR HEAVEN.—"He died a mature Christian, having received much spiritual comfort from the Guide."

So writes a brother from Brownstown, Indiana, in ordering a discontinuance. God be praised for such testimonies.

SYMPATHY.—We have often had occasion to refer to the encouragement we take in our work from the assurances we are constantly receiving from correspondents, of the good accomplished by our monthly visitor. Of late these testimonies have multiplied astonishingly. Even notes, requesting discontinuance, are replete with expressions of gratitude for benefits received and regret at the circumstances which require an erasure of their names from our list. One instance has occurred of practical sympathy for us in the monetary trial through which we are passing, that has deeply touched our heart. A Christian sister in Texas, some years since, mailed us a letter containing the money for thirteen new subscribers, which never reached its destination. As soon as we learned the fact, we sent the Guide to the subscribers, and offered to sustain the loss, providing efforts were made to keep up the list. This our friend has not only done, and more than done, but, in the present financial pressure, when every dollar tells in the sustenance of a business enterprise, she has generously come forward and proposed to make up the lost amount. Such acts need no comment; they show holiness to be something more than a theory or profession. We thank you all for your sympathy, beloved, and purpose, by the help of divine grace, to do all in our power to advance the cause so dear to our hearts.

A CABINET FOR GEMS.—The brief extracts with which we occasionally fill out a page, frequently contain spiritual gems of no ordinary value. For these gems we are indebted in part to friends who have been in the habit of cutting out or transcribing for our use whatever is striking and rare. Our object in penning these lines is to extend the invitation to our readers at large. Let all feel interested in making the Guide a rich repository of whatever is excellent, lovely, pure.

REVIVALS—From all parts of the country we hear the cheering tidings of salvation. The derangement of business has furnished both time and subject for reflection, and we are happy to find it has not been wholly misimproved. In the furnace in which it has pleased the Lord to cast her, the Church has betaken herself to prayer, and the result is seen in the general outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Seldom has it been our privilege to record such a universal work. May it continue to spread till the world is wrapt in a flame of revival.

GLORY TO THE LAMB.

Arranged and Harmonized for the *Guide*, by REV. W. Mc DONALD. Music by REV. B. W. GORHAM.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics 'The world is over - come by the blood of the Lamb. Glo - ry to the' are written below the vocal staves.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, continuing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Lamb! Glo - ry to the Lamb! Glo - ry to the Lamb!' are written below the vocal staves.

Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb!
My sins are washed away in the blood of the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb!
The Devil's overcome by the blood of the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb!
I've lost the fear of death through the blood of the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb!
The martyrs overcame by the blood of the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb!
I hope to gain the skies by the blood of the Lamb!
Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb!

Christian Vigilance Bands.

FOR PERSONAL AND METHODICAL EFFORTS
IN SOUL-SAVING.

"Instant in season, out of season."—ST. PAUL.

"Let him know that he that converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—ST. JAMES.

THE accompanying Preamble and Resolutions were prepared by special request for the use of vigilance bands already formed, some of which, during the few months of their existence, have been made directly subservient, under God, to the salvation of *several* souls. And what an achievement is the rescue of even *one* soul! If there were but one soul unsaved at the farthest verge of the universe, and it would require every man, woman, and child in America to go to the rescue of that soul, it would be an expedition well worthy the enterprise, in view of the estimate the Savior has placed on the soul. One soul outweighs the universe. Says the Rev. R. Young, in his excellent suggestions on the subject of soul-saving, "As nothing is achieved in politics, arts, sciences, commerce, domestic economy, or personal religion, independently of system, it has occurred to us that, as far as human agency is concerned, it might be well to *methodize* the great work of the world's conversion, and, according to some specific plan, faithfully and fully to work out the benevolent and aggressive principles of the gospel." And it is by way of working out this glorious problem, that we would propose, for the consideration of all Christians of every sect, the formation of social, soul-saving bands. But church communities are made up of *individuals*, and let us ask the individual reading these lines, Will you not, in the presence and in the strength of your Savior, solemnly resolve on now adopting these rules? And will you not endeavor to enlist as many as possible of your Christian brethren and sisters, whether young or old, to engage with you in this truly

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Christian enterprise? Union is strength. And who can tell what may be the result of the formation of similar bands, irrespective of denomination wherever the Christian name is known, and there are two or three to band together! Bands may consist of from two to twenty, or fifty, or more, as expediency, in view of the circumstances, may suggest. Who, in sympathy with the Savior, in that love that moved him to die for a lost world, but would gladly unite in a project so in accordance with the divine instincts of his renewed nature? In view of the price paid for the redemption of the sinner, we cannot think of an individual Christian as worthy the holy name by which he is called, who would not be willing to circumnavigate the globe, for the purpose of saving one soul from death.

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS.

The object of those whose names are hereunto annexed, shall be to use every possible means, in their individual and collective capacity, to pluck sinners as brands from the burning.

And whereas purposes, however piously formed or strongly made, are too often failures, unless means be ordained whereby they may be made an ever-present specialty:

And whereas the value of the soul outweighs all human considerations, and is an object to which all business or domestic avocations should be subservient and tributary:

And whereas we believe we cannot serve the Lord Christ more effectually, either by way of bringing an increase of grace into our own souls in thus using the grace given, or to the individual benefit of the human family at large, than by making daily specific efforts in rescuing souls from death, for whom Christ shed his precious blood; therefore, *Resolved*,

1. That, while we would not be unmindful of the divine injunction, "diligent in business," we will, through the assistance of almighty grace, manifest our fervor of spirit by endeavoring to make every earthly consideration, whether it be secular business or domestic avocations, specifically subservient to the service of Christ.

2. That we will endeavor to spend at least one half hour daily, and more if possible, in

specific, direct efforts to win souls to Christ; and this, God being our helper, we will endeavor to do, though it may be at the cost of a more habitual carefulness in treasuring up time; or though it may cost something in acts of self-denial, by either rising earlier or sitting later, or may involve the necessity of casting aside the enthusiastic doctrine that we are not to do good unless we feel free to it; or though at the cost of pecuniary profit, repelling, with righteous indignation, the unholy belief that Christians are not required to sacrifice that which costs them something.

3. That we will make earnest and prayerful efforts to engage all who love our Lord Jesus Christ to unite in this, the most momentous and ennobling Christian enterprise that can command the attentions of a redeemed world, enlisting, as far as in us lies, the interest of all professed Christians, whether young or old, and irrespective of denomination, inasmuch as all professed Christians are called to be workers together with God, in bringing a revolted world back to the world's Redeemer.

4. That we will, as far as circumstances permit, meet together weekly, at such time and place as, by mutual agreement, shall be deemed most expedient, in order, first, to seek counsel of God, who teacheth our hands to war, and our fingers to fight, and through whom alone we can wage a successful warfare against the hosts of sin; second, to present cases demanding special prayer, to report conversions or cases of hopeful interest, for mutual counsel, and especially for the encouragement of the weak and timid, in order that the graces of the Spirit in the weakest believer may be brought into continuous requisition, and thereby be continuously multiplied, and thus the timid and weak in Zion become courageous and strong as David.

5. That, in places where there may be more bands than one, it be recommended that they unite monthly, and, where convenient, that the minister of the church, or one or more of the ministers of the various churches to which the bands belong, be invited to be present and preside. A secretary may also be appointed, whose duty it shall be to read the reports of the various bands, and be ready, if deemed expedient, to present an annual report in January of each year, when an anniversary may be held, in case it be regarded, by a majority of the members, subservient to the cause. In all of which we, the undersigned, do agree, and in pledge of the sustainment of which,

we do hereby, in the name and presence of God, affix our names.

On the evening of January 12, 1857, a meeting was held at the house of Dr. Palmer, 54 Rivington street, to take into consideration the expediency of forming a "social band" in this city, to carry out the objects of the preceding preamble and resolutions. A lady who was present, in writing to her friend, who had expressed a deep interest in the subject, says:

NEW YORK, January 13, 1858.

Dear Doctor B.—You will remember we talked, last Tuesday afternoon, about forming a band which might be denominated the Christian Vigilance Band, whose motto might be, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord," but which, while acknowledging the utter inefficiency of all human agencies, might also aim to be properly cognizant of the fact, that true, living faith is ever active and energetic, inasmuch as faith without works is dead, being alone. We held our first meeting last evening, in view of taking this subject into consideration. We had an intensely interesting season in praying and talking over this matter. We have not yet fully organized. In fact, the subject was so suggestive of good, and so inspiring, that we found the evening quite too short, and we adjourned to meet again next Tuesday evening, when we shall hope that you will be present. But, though not fully organized, about twenty brethren and sisters desired to have their names affixed to the pledge to work for God. Two ministers of different denominations were present, well known as holy adepts in the art of soul-saving. Perhaps I should rather have said, three ministers were present, one who, though he has not yet given himself up fully to the work, anticipates doing so. He came seeking the full baptism of the Holy Ghost, not having fully understood the precise object of the meeting. But, while we were speaking of the necessity of *using* grace if we would have it multiply, and the self-sacrifice needful in view of the *natural* shrinkings of the flesh from these personal appeals to the unsaved, this brother saw that the reason why he had not before received the full baptism was because he had not been willing to obey the gentle monitions of the Holy Spirit, which had long

been urging him to these specific, personal efforts.

We had expected an interesting season ; but the meeting exceeded our anticipations. The Savior seemed so eminently present, and, as we talked by way of devising ways and means by which Christian men and women of the laity, as well as of the ministry, might, in a social way, win the most souls, I can hardly begin to tell you how divinely we were assured of the presence and approval of the Savior.

This meeting, I presume, was about a sample of what future meetings may be. Several brethren and sisters related instances in which they had been specially blest with encouragement in seeing souls won over to Christ by their personal efforts. Said one friend to another, as, in admiration of the grace of God, she listened to the instructive and most inspiring details of the occasion, "O if there had been a reporter here, how thrillingly would the recitals of this meeting have told on paper!" "There is an unseen Reporter here," responded her friend. Never, I think, under any circumstances, have I been more divinely impressed with the conviction, "The Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him."

Can we contemplate a gathering where the presence of the Savior might be more confidently expected? When we think of the price paid for human redemption, surely we cannot conceive it possible to be at too much pains in devising plans by which the gospel invitation may be given to every creature. And not till the professed followers of Christ feel their individual responsibility in making their secular business and domestic associations subservient to the one great object of the Christian's calling, which is the salvation of the whole redeemed family, can we hope that the gospel will be preached to every creature. Some thrilling recitals corroborative of this were given last evening.

Three or four different denominations were represented. And these were from various sections of the city and its environs, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, etc. This was truly encouraging, as there was little other notice of the meeting given than that which you heard at the Tuesday afternoon meeting last week. But how reasonable that, from a meeting of various denominations on the theme of holiness should emanate a social weekly gathering, whose object may be to encourage each

other in daily, specific efforts to win souls to the Savior!

My heart glows with hallowed emotions while I write. O I feel so sure that we may expect the guiding presence of the high and holy one in this undertaking. We will not expect all who come to join the band at once, but will hope that the timid and weak will come, trusting that they may gather courage, and, in the end, become strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. How often have I seen the one talent made five by reason of use! Our Congregational brother, the Rev. Mr. B., was with us, and expressed the deepest interest in the meeting. He says he thinks the Lord is going to do wonders through these simple means. If I have one passion above another, it is a passion for soul-saving. Yours in Jesus.

P. P.

VICISSITUDES OF THE CHURCH.—"In times of peace the church may dilate more and build as it were into breadth; but in times of trouble it arises more in height; it is then built upwards; as in the cities where men are strengthened they build usually higher than in the country."—[Coleridge.

FAMILIAR TRUTHS.—"Truths of all others the most awful and interesting are too often considered as so true that they lose all the power of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors."—[Coleridge.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.—The roots of plants are hid under ground, so that themselves are not seen; but they appear in their branches, flowers, and fruits, which argue there is a root and life in them. Thus the graces of the Spirit, planted in the soul, though themselves invisible, yet discover their being and life in the track of a Christian's life, his words, his actions, and the frame of his carriage.—[Leighton

RELIGION AND ITS DEFENDERS.—"Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it; do anything but live for it."

The Power of Perfect Love in Usefulness.

A LETTER FROM A MOTHER TO HER SON.

WE are permitted to copy, for the Guide, a letter from a mother to her son, in the ministry, relating some interesting details of a camp meeting—the perusal of which will cheer the hearts of those who aim to be diligent in winning souls to Jesus. It is hardly necessary for us to say, this mother is *eminently* useful in the church of Christ, exhibiting, in her life and testimony, the perfect love of God—also the sister spoken of by her, enjoys the same state of grace—cleansed by the blood of Jesus—sanctified and meet for the Master's use.

"Help those women which labored with me in the gospel," saith Paul. Y.

TRENTON, August 15, 1856.

MY beloved son,—On my arrival in the city from Cape May, I found many of the Union company had already gone to Pennsgrove, and others were going on Saturday morning. I, therefore, concluded to go down with them to the grove, and was truly glad I so decided; for it was a *blessed* Sabbath. O how sweet was its holy quiet, in that consecrated spot, secluded from the tumult and noise of the multitude!

God was in the midst of his people; and, while nature was being abundantly refreshed with showers of rain, the children of God were showered with blessings as copious. Early on Sabbath morning we had a prayer meeting, when a sweet, melting influence seemed to pervade every heart. We were preparing for a fresh impress of the Spirit's seal, and deep and ardent were our aspirations for a full conformity to the Savior's image. At ten o'clock, our beloved Brother A. L.—spoke to us (he would not allow us to call it a sermon,) from, "I will give to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." How precious he talked to us! The Holy Spirit accompanied every word; and deeply it sank into our hearts.

All seemed to be *athirst* for the fountain of the water of life; and many realized the fulfilment of the gracious promise, and

drank of the life-giving, soul-purifying stream which Jesus gives so freely. We felt the influence of that blessed little sermon during the whole week. It was a preparation for the work that was before us. If ever a minister of God was inspired by the Holy Ghost to preach the word, that dear young man is thus called. Several times during the week he talked to us with the same divine unction. He was re-baptized with hallowed influence in a remarkable manner, and his words were "*spirit and life*." I never shall forget the words of power which fell from his lips. They seemed to me to have more weight, and more of Christ in them, than I ever felt before, and did me more good than all the preaching I heard on the ground. Yet there was much excellent preaching during the week, though, with the exception of a few sermons, divine influence did not attend the preaching of the word in an uncommon way. But there were many conversions, and the prayer-meetings were generally attended with great power, and I think much good was accomplished.

O how much you were on my mind! I thought of you in all the sweet, refreshing seasons we enjoyed, and wished you could share the hallowed influence. I trust you did feel it, although not present with us in body. My heart was much drawn out in prayer for you, and I had some delightful feelings while pleading for your entire purification, and meetness for the Master's use.

If God had spoken audibly to me, and told me, my son was precious in his sight, and he was doing for him that which would be the greatest blessing, accomplish his highest advantage for both worlds, and his own great name would be glorified thereby,—I could not have felt more assured that it is truly so.

So near drew Jesus, and so did he condescend to speak to my heart to comfort me concerning my precious son! I was so *perfectly satisfied* of the wisdom and love of my covenant-keeping God, in reference to the dear one I had consecrated to him

from his birth, that I said, from my heart, "*It is enough. I know thou doest all things well! If I could choose for my beloved son, I would not, but would say, 'Let it be as seemeth thee good.'*"

You and A——are both being severely tried. How you can sympathize with each other! By-and-by, you will know the why and wherefore, and then, how you will wonder, and adore, and magnify the riches of his goodness, who placed you in the furnace! All who behold A——can see that he is growing more like Jesus, and that Jesus is his theme. One evening, we had a little social meeting, in which A——seemed to be in a deep struggle of soul. He said he wanted to get more fully into Christ; to be absorbed in him, and lose sight of every thing else. "None but Christ," was his language—

"None but Christ to me be given,
None but Christ in earth or heaven."

His aspirations were intense. His whole frame was agitated, and he was longing with unutterable desire to lose himself in Christ. He who "satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness," gave him the desire of his heart. He was, indeed, taken into Christ, and felt he was emphatically lost and swallowed up in him. As he left the tent, he said to me, "I must go out, *but I shall not step out of Christ.*"

What a world of meaning was in these words! "I shall not step out of Christ." Oh the untold blessedness of dwelling in Christ! What peace, what rest, what conscious purity—what singleness of purpose—what light, what love, what power, what victory over the world, flesh and Satan—what faith—what power with God in prayer—what success in winning souls to Christ! All, all these, are the glorious results of dwelling in Christ. But O, how fearful the results of "*stepping out of Christ!*" I will not write the dreadful catalogue. The words of Jesus should be ever in our minds, "Abide in me and I in you. As

the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me."

"If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch and is withered." "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Ah if we were ever abiding in Christ,—if all, all, our works were wrought in him, how much more success would attend our efforts for the salvation of souls! How much more good would be accomplished by the preaching of the word! There would be a power attending it that would in a measure be irresistible. This is the secret of the failure of ministers and Christians, in doing good. "*They step out of Christ.*" They labor in their own strength, too often, and sadly do they prove, "without me ye can do nothing." O my son, I pray that you may be so wrapped up in Christ that none but he may be seen in your pulpit efforts, or other duties. Labor for this; be intent upon the attainment of this great and glorious object; unceasingly cry,—

"O, let me into nothing fall,
And Christ, the Lord, be all in all."

I must resume the account of the camp-meeting. First, I will tell you of a young man in whom we all, especially your uncle E—, were interested. Your uncle engaged him to put up the tent, and, finding him destitute of religion, felt at once that no effort should be spared to bring him to Christ. He observed some admirable qualities of mind and disposition in the young man, which increased his interest in him, although very profane and wicked.

Your uncle took him right to his heart, and invited him to remain on the ground, and lodge in his tent. He stayed, and we all prayed, with great fervency and importunity, for his conversion. Occasionally, we talked to him, and urged him to seek the salvation of his soul. But he said "no, there was no use in talking to him or praying for him; he was too hard a case; it

was impossible for him to be a Christian." We labored on in faith, trusting that, after a while, the rock would break, and yield to the power of the Spirit, which, we felt assured, was at work in his heart. Once in a while, a tear was seen in John's eye, as he was listening to some powerful appeal, or touching prayer; but he would hasten to brush it away, and resume his wonted air of indifference. On Tuesday evening, he was so powerfully arrested by the Spirit while Brother Duffield, sen. was exhorting, that he afterwards told us, he felt as if he would fall off his seat, and trembled under a sense of the divine wrath; but still tried to conceal his emotion. He wished he could get out, but the people were all around him with their camp chairs so closely wedged, that he saw no possibility of escape. "The Lord had hedged him in." When the exhortation was over, he made his way out, and went to the tent where he lodged. He found himself alone in the dark, and, falling upon his knees, with tears and groans besought God to have mercy upon him. Directly he heard some one groan beside him. He started in amazement, and said within himself, "Is that the devil?" He feared it was indeed Satan; and now he had come to claim him as his own. He reached out his hand, and found it was one of the brethren, who, having heard him praying, and weeping, went in to encourage him. Soon others gathered, and we all prayed in good earnest, and with glad hearts for poor John. He was in an agony of soul, and said there was no mercy for him—he was too vile a sinner for God to save. Still he prayed on, encouraged by his friends. After some time, he ceased praying, and said to your Uncle E——, "God will not forgive me, unless I forgive others; I must go and seek a reconciliation with a person on this ground, with whom I have been at enmity." He was advised to go, and we would continue to pray for him.

He went, and, in about ten minutes, returned, fell upon his knees, and lifted his

eyes and hands to Heaven, crying, "*O God, forgive me as I forgive!*" Mercy descended from above, and, in less than five minutes, he was set free from the thralldom of sin. His countenance beamed with holy joy, and he praised the Lord with a glad heart.

Our hearts were so full that we could hardly sleep that night. We felt the Lord has a work for that young man to do. He has been a champion in the ranks of the enemy—been a leader in wickedness, and now longs to be as valiant, and as successful in the cause of Christ.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Silent Influence of Character on Life.

"WE cannot, in our worldly work, be always consciously thinking of religion; yet insensibly we may be ever acting under its ever present control. As there are laws and powers in the natural world, of which without thinking of them we are availing ourselves, so, in the routine of daily life, though I seldom think of them, I may yet be constantly swayed by the motives, sustained by the principles, living, breathing, acting in the invisible atmosphere of true religion.

"There are under-currents in the ocean, which act independently of the movements of the waters on the surface; far down too in the depths there is a region where, even though the storm be raging on the upper waves, perpetual calmness and stillness reign. So there may be under-currents beneath the surface-movements of your life—these may dwell in the secret depths of your being, the abiding peace of God, the repose of a holy mind, even though, all the while, the restless stir and commotion of worldly business may work your outer history."—[Caird.

"TO COMMUNICATE FORGET NOT."—Cicero could say, that to be rich is not to possess much, but to use much. And Seneca could rebuke those who so studied to increase their wealth, that they forgot to use it.

The Work of Holiness in New York some Years ago.

BY REV. A. KENT.

Third Paper.

I CLOSED my last by stating there was, at that time, a painful agitation among our brethren in New York. The result was,—the secession of Rev. W. M. Stilwell, and a number of the members, who erected for themselves a house of worship. The circuit system was then practised in the city, and all the societies were included in one charge, and, of course, the unhappy excitement affected every part. The brethren and sisters of those select prayer meetings sought to avoid all contention about society matters, but made special prayer that God would overrule all things for his glory, and the welfare of Zion. I was often applied to for advice, and deeply sympathized with them in their solicitude for the spread of pure and undefiled religion. Different plans were suggested by which to get Mr. Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection circulated among our members. Our "Tract Society" had just begun to publish small tracts, but objected to publish one so large as that of Mr. Wesley.

However, liberal souls devised a liberal plan, and, after they had ascertained the number of our members in the city, agreed with the book agents, if they would print an edition of five thousand, they would take two thousand three hundred of them at cost, which was, I think, one hundred and fifteen dollars, and distribute them gratuitously among the members. They hoped, by putting such a treasure into their hands, it would draw their minds from outward strife, and engage them to look within their own hearts, and see what was wanting there. They fixed their plan so that all should be given out the same week, but Brother Hart will explain it to you :

"March 13, 1821.

"You will rejoice, I trust, in the happy effects of our little tracts. We succeeded

in getting five thousand copies printed under the patronage of the Tract Society, and the individuals who got it up took two thousand three hundred for distribution in this city. It was first ascertained how many class leaders and their names, and then how many members in each class, and there was a bundle prepared for each class leader; one tract for himself, and one for each member of his class, with a circular attached to it, directing him particularly how to distribute them, and to be sure that every member of his class had one—exhorting him to look earnestly for the blessing of perfect love, and to press the same upon his class. To this was attached the signature of the Rev. Aaron Hunt, preacher in charge. O the happy consequences! Every meeting, and in every religious circle—even those who have read it years ago, now tell us what quickenings of soul they feel, and that they long for this fulness more than for their earthly food, and now and then a new witness for God. I spoke to Brother Mason to send you fifty of these tracts, which you may expect soon."

Those devoted souls gave full demonstration, that they did not barely love in word and in tongue; but in deed and in truth. Many *talk* well, whose tender feelings are much disturbed when money is required of them to advance the cause of Christ; but, when the whole soul becomes absorbed in the deep things of God, they rejoice if, by any means in their power, they can help souls to come to the all-cleansing fountain.

I know not how it is now; but, in those days, that *tract* was very much called for, and I doubt not but it was a means of great good. Our country seems flooded with papers and periodicals, and there is reason to fear that many of our members indulge in so much light reading, to say nothing worse, that they lose the spirit of hungering and thirsting after perfect love, and imbibe the spirit of the world, and know it not.

There may be thousands among us who are not aware that, for three or four cents, they could obtain this tract, that would be a special help to them in the way of holiness during their whole pilgrimage. Preachers would find it a co-worker with them if they should distribute large numbers among their people, and exhort them to read, meditate, and inwardly digest.

The faith of Brother Hart was tried as by fire. He was doing a good business as a merchant, and placed full confidence in his partner, who proved dishonest, got what funds he could, by various means, and made his escape. Brother Hart was confounded, but cast all upon God, praying for wisdom and grace that he might bring no reproach upon the cause of Christ. He found himself penniless, and was advised by his creditors to go into insolvency; but he refused, assuring them he believed he should yet be able to pay every dollar with interest. He gave up all in possession, and applied himself to the task of supporting his family with rigid economy, and laying by means to pay his debts. His confidence in God gave him courage, and he rejoiced evermore. A greater affliction awaited him. The health of his amiable wife failed, and she suffered for years. She tried the country air, and used various means, but all failed; and with joy she entered into rest.

He established a private academy, having a remarkable tact to secure the affections of children, and to impart instruction, and was very successful. From this school he was called to take charge of "The House of Refuge for Juvenile Delinquents," where he remained till his health failed, and gave great satisfaction. At a certain time he told me he had paid the last dollar of that old debt; that God had opened his way in a remarkable manner. He could see his hand, and bless his name, and he did not think one of his creditors had less respect for religion on his account. This was his joy—the cause of Christ has not been reproached by me.

A. KENT.

New Bedford, Dec. 2, 1857.

A Warning.

BY J. D.

The following statement of facts, furnished by our beloved correspondent "J. D.," is well worthy the consideration of many in the churches who are trying to effect a compromise between the claims of Christ and the world. We heard that testimony in the love-feast, given with a broken heart, and with many tears. She had just recovered, suddenly and mysteriously, from a sickness which we all thought to be unto death, and the vows made that morning in the house of God were made with great sincerity we have no doubt; *but they were never fulfilled*, and her work was never done. Reader, ponder as you read.—JUN. ED.

"Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard, Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground? And he, answering, said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it: And if it bear fruit, *well*; and if not, *then* after that thou shalt cut it down."—Luke xii. 7, 8, 9.

"Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away."—John xv. 2.

"There is a sin unto death: I do not say that he shall pray for it."—1 John v. 10.

WE learn, from the above portions of Scripture, that some professing Christians meet death much sooner than they would if they were faithful to God. They are cut down because they are *unfruitful*. The following is an instance.

At the commencement of a religious awakening in B—, when God was calling on his soldiers to "put on the whole armor of God," and come "up to the help of the Lord against the mighty," a sister arose one morning in a love-feast, and spoke. Among other things, she repeated a remark of her pastor who had just spoken, as applicable to herself, which was as follows.

"I feel convicted that my work on earth is not yet done, and should I now die, I believe I should leave the world without having fully done the errand upon which I was sent into it." She seemed deeply convicted of her unfaithfulness, made a most humble confession, and, with a broken and

contrite heart, resolved to devote her all to the service of God. Soon after this, we had an opportunity to talk with this sister, when she related to us a most painful experience, of which the following is the substance.

"I have" said she "lived a worldly-minded professor, but I have long felt convicted for holiness. I feel that the Lord calls me to be a worker in his vineyard, but without holiness I am without the armor. And I associate with a class of gay professors of religion. They are kind-hearted, and I am much attached to them; which makes it a great cross to come out from among them, and take an opposite stand, and reprove their sin.

"This, I am convinced, the Lord calls me to do; and O how he has chastised me for my disobedience! Many times he has laid his afflicting hand upon me, and brought me to the border of the grave; but, when I would solemnly vow that I would do my duty, and let God have his own way with me, he would in mercy raise me up again. 'Tis but a few weeks since I lay at the door of death; no one thought I would recover, but again I promised the Lord, if he would raise me up once more, I would take a decided stand for God, and, by his grace, would strive to 'follow the Lord *wholly*.'

"I soon began to recover, and, as by a miracle, I am again restored. And now my vows stare me in the face. I want to do my duty, but *do not feel willing*."

We were pained to see her so undecided after having so many loud calls, and making so many solemn vows. We felt strongly impressed that she had received the last call, and we told her our fears concerning her. She replied that it was her own conviction, that unless she did her duty, the Lord would take her away as a cumberer of the ground. But alas, she little thought it would be so soon.

About two weeks from that time, she was again taken violently sick, and continued to grow worse until she died. When we called, with a friend, and tried to pray

for her recovery, all spirit of prayer was gone; the heavens seemed brass over our heads.

When we heard she was dying, we went to witness the closing scene; but O, what a scene was that! She was deprived of her reason, but such physical suffering I never before witnessed. Ah, as we looked upon her once beautiful face, and that form which she had taken so much pains to adorn with taste, now convulsed in the agonies of death, we could only sigh, "*Alas, my sister!*"

She died; *but her work was not done*; and, although more than two years are passed since then, it is *still* undone. Those gay members of the church, with whom she associated, and for whom she felt it her duty to labor, are still unsaved. One of them has since died unexpectedly, and, we fear *unprepared*.

Dear reader, are you a worldly-minded professor of religion? Remember, "He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption." O let the above be a warning to you. Do not trifle with your convictions in regard to duty. Come out from the world, and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing. Seek now, I beseech you, to be reclaimed from your wanderings, and to possess that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord.

Binghamton, Jan. 14, 1858.

CHRIST EXHIBITED IN PREACHING.—THE late Rev. Samuel Pearce, of Birmingham, being one week-day evening in town, and not engaged to preach, asked his friend where he could hear a good sermon. Mr. S. mentioned two places. "Well," said Mr. P., "tell me the characters of the preachers, that I may choose." "Mr. D.," said his friend, "exhibits the orator, and is much admired for his pulpit eloquence." "Well," said Mr. P., "and what is the other?" "Why, I hardly know what to say of Mr. C.; he always throws himself in the back-ground, and you see his Master only." "That's the man for me, then," said the amiable Pearce; "let us go and hear him."

Gems of Thought.

THE WORD OF GOD.—There are no hearts but men after God's own heart, that can love, and delight in the word of God, for its holiness, purity, and spirituality. Luther said, he would not live in paradise, if he might, without the word; but, with the word, he could live in hell itself. "Thy word is very pure, therefore thy servant loveth it."

GOVERNING IN LOVE.—Titus Vespasian was a man who governed so sweetly, moderately, and prudently, that he was generally termed, the *delight of mankind*. He was greatly honored while he lived, and, when he died, the people wept so bitterly for him, that it seemed they were resolved to weep out their eyes.

SEEKING GOD IN AFFLICTION.—Some persons never call upon God, or show signs of repentance except in times of danger. They are like a fox when caught in a gin, they look pitifully, but it is only to get out.

VAIN WORSHIP.—Some persons worship the Lord as the Indians do the devil, that he may do them no hurt.

MELANCHOLY.—Luther says it is a current German proverb, The melancholy head is the devil's bathing-place.

TRUE REPENTANCE.—It is an excellent saying of Austin, "He does truly bewail the sins he hath committed, who never commits the sins he hath bewailed."

How beautiful the sacrifice of a soul which suffers in silence, and seeks no comfort or reward but from God!

Christ made himself poor to make others rich, but men of unsanctified souls make others poor to make themselves rich.

I do not, and dare not say, that every public spirit is a gracious spirit; yet this I will and must say, that every gracious spirit is a public spirit.

No man can understand spiritual mysteries by carnal reason.

THOUGHTS OF DEATH.—The Brachmanni had their graves before their doors. The Sybarites, at banquets, had a death's head delivered from hand to hand by every guest at the table. The Egyptians, in the midst of their feasts, used to have the anatomy of a dead man set before them, to remind the guests of their mortality. The poor heathen could say that the whole life of man should be *meditatio mortis*, a meditation of death.

SIN.—An old English divine says, "Sin indulged in the conscience, is like Jonah in the ship, which causeth such a tempest, that the conscience is like a troubled sea, whose waters cannot rest; or, it is like a mote in the eye, which causeth a perpetual trouble while it is there."

When Satan finds our hearts fully set in us to do the will of God, and he cannot draw us away into open sin, he will then endeavor to give a wrong direction to our good intentions, and try and make us injure the cause of Christ by our unwise attempts to do good.

Though sanctification is a branch of the covenant of grace, as well as justification; yet there are those who would not have Christians rejoice in their sanctifications, under a pretence of reflecting dishonor upon their justification.

O what a blessed thing it is to lose one's will, says Dr. Payson; since I have lost my will, I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointment to me, for I have no desires but that God's will may be accomplished.

The riches of Christ are not bestowed upon the outward court worshippers. You must come within the veil, which is now rent, before you view a reconciled Father, and feast upon his grace.

DIE AT YOUR POST.—That pilot dies nobly, says Seneca, who perisheth in the storm with the helm in his hand.

Many profess themselves ready to die for Christ, yet cannot bear the least cross or humiliation, without complaint.

Faith.

"Nevertheless, when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?"—LUKE xviii. 8.

BY A STUDENT.

HE will find all other emotions abounding. He will find hope, and fear, joy, and sorrow, with their train of alliances. And he will find earthly faith, or faith in natural causes. And he will find various emotions for heavenly things in different degrees; and even belief in these things will he find, without doubt; for the human creature can hardly be found without that belief. This seems to be a strange interrogation. Shall Christ find faith upon the earth when he comes? Does it mean, Will he find faith in himself as the Redeemer, in a few hearts, when he shall come to the Jewish world in retribution? Or does it mean to inquire, in the most comprehensive sense, Will he find faith controlling the mass of the inhabitants of the earth, when he comes to the last settlement of affairs with them? He by whom the worlds were made, will find faith, it is likely, on other spheres when he goes to them; in whatever way he may see fit to manifest himself to them. But poor disturbed earth! that has almost been shaken out of her orbit by the convulsions caused by sin; will he find faith pervading her regions, so that he can restore her to her Eden state when he comes?

But in what part of the dominion of God should we expect to find faith, if not on the earth? for where could a greater manifestation of the power and love of God be made, than has been made here in Christ the Son? But, our eyes are dimmed. There is a mist in our atmosphere. He came unto his own, and his own knew him not. But what is that faith in which all worlds might be expected to be found living? *It is an out-going trust of the creature in its Maker that NOTHING COULD BE ADDED to the good which he will secure to such as keep his commands.* If our first parents had kept this faith, they had not

fallen. This faith is what is kept by those who never sinned. It is kept by us who have sinned, and have been redeemed, when we give full credit to our Lord and Savior, for what he has done to repair the waste places in our natures, as well as to redeem us. But when we regret, and lament, saying, if I had only done thus, and so, it would have been better for me than it now is, though I followed the best light I had, and asked for direction as well as I knew how—yet I have been left to go erroneously; the Lord did not hear me; he did not direct me to take the best steps; he does not pay any special regard to these minor affairs;—it is then as if we said,—would that I could only have had some human wisdom coming in, instead of looking for divine suggestion as I was moving on, then it would have been better for me. When we fall into that state; when we look for something superior to divine provision for the thoughts; we do not keep the faith due to Jesus Christ—to God. If our Lord had seen that we needed some new thoughts at any particular point, he could have sent them to us in the garb of human thoughts, or of divine, just as he pleased. The trouble with us is, our susceptibilities combine to give birth to an idea that something may be added, above and beyond what God has done for us, to make us as blest as we may be, in our present grade of being. So it was with the angelic beings that fell; so it was with the first human beings that fell; and so it must have been with all who have fallen from God, since. What do we think? Either that our Heavenly Father has not sufficient interest for us, to compass us about on every side, or, our view of his resources to make provision of one kind of blessing to overbalance what he denies in another, is so very narrow, that we think his plans, taken together, cannot consult our greatest good. Were we seeking our own ways, in despite of his ways, or independently of them, then we could expect nothing more than that we should be *filled* with our own ways.

We have an idea, undefined and unobserved by ourselves, it may be, that only his greatest works have his steady view;—like the forming of a world, or the creation of a new order of beings; and that he gives only an occasional, passing glance to more than half of what is transpiring. We think he has fixed his laws, and that he lets the machinery drive on whether in order or out of order. And so it is, in physical things; until their self-regulating power can have time to operate according to the genius with which they are endowed. But machinery that has a voluntary power in it, must have laws differing from any other. It can stop a part of its own disordered operations, and look around to its originator, to implore him to regulate the remainder, and to fit some appliance to the weakened parts, which may adjust itself, so as to secure the best results. And the soul knows there has been a purchase made to provide for this outlay;—a price paid to repair the injury done by an awful experiment. But how do *we* know the difference between small matters and great ones? We call matters small, which have a small side next to us; and that because we have not breadth or strength of vision sufficient to follow the connexion of this small side along to the great building. But let us suppose that what we are in the habit of calling small matters, are small in his sight, who seeth all things. Is he not able to take perfect care of both great and small? And has he not assured us that he will do it? When we have left a matter altogether to his direction, using our own faculties as far as we know how to use them, (for this he has ordained we should do, as even Nature herself would teach,) what are we to do, but rest in faith? We might see, indeed, where we think the matter could be mended, by going over it again; but we did not see it then, and had not light by which to see it; so our Teacher who was at our side was responsible for the omission, or mistake; and wishes to be responsible for it, for he intends to make especial use

of it. Perhaps this is the very process by which he will fit an appliance to strengthen our weakness in the future. We have got deeply imprinted into our minds something that might have been only on the surface if we had received it simply by suggestion. O Lord, increase our faith! O Jesus, give us rest—perfect rest—the rest of heaven, to our spirits!

January, 1858.

The Source of Happiness.

BY REV. JOHN BATE.

THERE are few things upon which men are more divided than the one which stands at the head of this article. The world around presents us with abundant illustrations of the multitudinous parties which are seeking, in as many sources, the happiness after which their panting spirits sigh. But each party is an unfailing demonstration of its mistaken notions as to the source of happiness, and its folly in seeking happiness in that source. Did the worldling ever find happiness in the pursuit and possession of the things of this world? Did the ambitious man ever find happiness in the highest elevation to which his ambition led him? Did the literary man ever attain happiness in the acquisition of those fields of literature which laid before his early hopes and anticipations? Did the scientific man ever find happiness in the discoveries of the hidden mysteries of the sciences? Did the philosopher, in the perception of the reasons, causes, effects, of things lying beneath the ken of the common observer of mankind? Did the despot, in his despotism? Did the hero, in his exploits?—the warrior, in his battles?—the explorer, in his researches?—the self-righteous man, in his self-righteousness?—the formalist, in his formalism? One answer is sufficient for all those inquiries. The lives and experience of each class answer, most positively, NO. The world, literature, science, philosophy, and every other imaginary source of happiness,

answer, that it is not in them. God has not appointed these things as sources of happiness; they, therefore, fail to bestow it. The soul of man is so constituted, in its spiritual character, that nothing secular or earthly can satisfy its continual wants. Hence it is, that the world of mankind is in such an incessant agitation and change. It is seeking rest, and finding none. It is ever rolling and tossing itself, like the ocean in a storm, but it finds no perpetual quiet and peace in its bosom. All things are transient and vain under the sun. "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity." The love of money is the root of all evil. Riches make to themselves wings, and fly away. The fashion of this world passeth away. The whole fabric of earthly things rests upon a foundation of sand, which is blown into ruins before the vehement winds of adversity, ill-fortune, disappointment and death. How, therefore, can the soul of man drink from such a source, happiness adequate to its immortal thirst? The spiritual cannot be satisfied with the natural; the immortal with the temporal.

But there is a source of happiness, true, living, adequate, divine, inexhaustible, everlasting. All, all that the soul needs is there. In that is its primeval blessedness; and, more, its eternal felicity. All else are broken cisterns that can hold no water; fountains, muddy, dry, frozen, death-communicating, according to the influences associated with them.

The LORD JEHOVAH, he is the source of happiness to man. He is the only blessed potentate of heaven and earth. He is the ever blessed God. He is the Good, the Wise, the Just. In him all the angels find their pure, unmixed felicities. In him the spirits of the just made perfect, are ravished with the unutterable blessedness of the heavenly world. He is the sun of light, the throne of glory, the crown of righteousness, the sceptre of victory, the song of rapture, the theme of conversation, the object of delight, the exhaustless foun-

tain of perfection to all the inhabitants of heaven. "In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures forevermore."

And what the Almighty is to that world above, he is to this world beneath, so far as this world partakes of any of those beatitudes. There is no happiness inherent in human nature, or in any human things. If man is happy in the contemplation of the heavens or the earth, it is because God has clothed his works with the beauties or sublimities of his wisdom, or power, or goodness, and because he has given him a mind capable of discovering and appreciating these displays of his character. And so, if man derives any happiness from his moral or religious condition of heart and life, it is because God has done something in him or for him, which is the secondary cause of the happiness in which he rejoices. Is the man happy whose sins are forgiven, and whose iniquities are covered? It is the Lord who blotteth out iniquity, and forgiveth sins. Is the man happy whose nature is regenerate? Except a man be born of the Spirit, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Is the man happy who is sanctified wholly? It is the Lord who sprinkles clean water upon him, and cleanses him from all filthiness of flesh and spirit. Thus we might proceed to inquire into every distinct state of the religious mind, in which there was happiness, and ascertain that all the happiness came out from God as the primary cause. Hence we find the Scriptures speaking of God standing in this relation to his people, and we find his people recognizing him in this relation to them. Thus God spake unto Abraham, "I am thy exceeding great reward." Thus the psalmist spake. "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance." And again, Jeremiah, "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul." The same sentiment spreads throughout the word of God. Christians, in all ages, experience the truth of what the Scriptures declare.

The Scriptures exhort the people of God to be happy in him. "Be glad in the Lord, ye righteous, and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart." "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice." I cannot find a single passage in Holy Writ which points to any thing less than the Almighty, or what he bestows through Jesus Christ as the happiness of the soul of man. They are exclusive in limiting man to this one source for happiness. In this, and this alone, is his complete and perpetual blessedness, both in this world, and in that which is to come. What more does he need? Can he have more than the Holy One, who inhabiteth eternity?

This source of happiness is accessible. A man may go in pursuit of the sources of happiness which the world presents, and never find them. Or, if he find them, it may be after the lapse of years, and through a prolonged series of disappointments and anxieties. And, when he has found them, they are short-lived and unsatisfactory. Not so with the Source of which we speak. "Every one that seeketh findeth." Now is the day of his salvation. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto me and I will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." O yes, it is a truth written in the sunbeams of revelation from heaven, that God, the source of happiness, is accessible to man. He is nigh at hand, and not afar off. He is in the world, ready to pour himself into its panting, seeking heart. Whoever thou art, reader, thou mayst live in God and God in thee. Thou mayest be a partaker of the divine nature, and thus enjoy the divine blessedness. He invites thee to come. "He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." "Return unto thy rest, O my soul." No longer roam in uncertainty, vexation, and distress. Seek thy portion in the

Lord—the God of the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles—the God of heaven and earth, whose is the earth, and the fulness thereof. Build thy hopes on the Rock of Ages. Hide thyself in his pavilion. Make him thy shade and defence amid all the storms and blasts of this mortal life. In him find thy peace, such as the world cannot give. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." While thousands around are proving the instability of riches, commerce, trade, and politics, thou shalt find that the Source of thy happiness is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Odelltown, C. E.

I have set before Thee an Open Door, and no Man can shut it.

BY L. A. W.

Not many days ago, I felt to mourn the hardness of my heart, and was very much tempted to believe I had broken my covenant vows, though I could not tell how. I felt the want of more gratitude to my Savior, when the above passage came to mind. It did not occur to me where it was, nor did I find it at that time. But the Holy Spirit, so ready to enlighten an inquiring mind, and whose office it is to lead into all truth, told me that these were the words of the world's Redeemer. Yes, Jesus had unlocked the door of heaven to all the race of Adam. Thrice glory, and honor, and praise, to Him, who once was dead, but lives again. He that hath the keys of heaven as well as hell, was saying to my fearing, fainting soul, "Behold I, even I, have unlocked heaven for you, and the door stands open wide, and no man can shut it." Fear not, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.

O! what gratitude, what love did it inspire in my heart, for my now risen Lord. Blessed Jesus, how I grieve that I remained so long insensible to the attractions of thy charms! Can it be possible, that so many reasoning creatures, for whom thou hast

so dearly bought such a priceless treasure, can continue to refuse a gift so great, so free?

Oh, ingratitude, how base thou art to rob God of the praise that belongs to him, and to destroy the noblest workmanship of his hand!

The Pattern Showed in the Mount.

"Look that thou make them after their pattern, which was showed thee in the mount."

THERE are in life hours of higher aspiration. There are hours when, like Moses, the spirit goes up into the mountain. The confusion, the tumult, the follies and sins of the world and the past, lie still, as if wrapped up in the morning fog which spreads over plain and valley. The sun shines on the mountain; the spirit bathes in its glory. Some think that nothing inscribed on the human memory can ever die; some things may be covered and dimmed for a while, but the hour must come when the whole will be revealed, and the history of life will open its entire volume—every character, to the least jot and tittle—to the silent and wondering eye. These hours of illumination sometimes approach toward this universal remembrance. The stream is seen as in sunlight, from its deep fountains to the point it has now reached; and a deeper amazement still!—the grand possibilities of its future course, the deepening and widening channels in which it may flow forward, pure, serene, imaging the heavens, even to the great ocean which feeds and receives it, or else the tortuous currents, narrow, heaving, black, throwing up thick mire from beneath, onward to the abyss; realizing the ancient fables of infernal rivers and torrents! So, when memory pictures its living characters on the past, hope reveals its heaven, fear its hell, in the future, both the past and the future looking unveiled into the eye, and reaching into the heart as with electric power. Then open visions of a truer life. Then shine out of the sky which spreads

over us ideas of a divine worship. The old temples, and shrines, and gods of our idolatry, float down the infernal stream; the pattern of a holier sanctuary comes down from heaven, and rests on the mountain. The voice sounds with the vision. See that thou build up thyself after this model. See that thy life make these ideals realities, and fulfil their grandest prophecies. It is not for thee to dwell on the mountain amidst the transcendent glory; for thee it is appointed that thou walk on the lower ground, amidst the struggles and turmoils of men; yet see to it that thou never forget the heavenly vision; be never disobedient to it, see that thou frame thy being like thy vision and thy prayer.

Youth is often, I fear oftenest, the period of most fervent enthusiasms. Let the tale be told of cruelty and oppression, the young spirit burns with generous indignation and spontaneous sympathy, let the prophecy be announced of a brighter epoch, of freedom and of peace, descending in a new baptism on the crushed heart of humanity, the spirit, if unperverted by falsehoods of education and society, leaps forth with jubilant echo to greet the glad future. Selfish pursuits have not yet clouded its vision. Cold words and colder deeds, the bitter sneer and the boast of pride, and the hatred or neglect of the world, have not yet frozen into the flowing life. Noble attempts have not yet been baffled by the oppositions of men; associates it may be; nay, bosom friends. These come later; and too often the fervent youth passes into the icy man, the flowering enthusiasm withers and becomes sere, lifeless, a forgotten thing among the rank weeds which ignorance and selfishness cherish in the faded and fruitless Eden. Happy the young man who escapes his doom; whose youth flows unchecked, with full stream, into the pure and serene currents of a wise and humane manhood; whose enthusiasm is only gentler, not less earnest,—only deeper, not less strong,—only wiser, not less fervid, through the influences of advancing years, and even

through the disappointments and contradictions which assail it, as well as the successes and the sympathies which sometimes greet it. Soul, rejoicing now in the youth of thy hopes, On! Be undismayed. This mountain of the Lord is not thy place; thou must down into the cloudy and rough ways of men. But the vision thou hast seen in this divine solitude, carry that in thy soul for ever. The spirit that hath breathed and brooded over thy soul, let it quicken and shape thee as it will. The idea which has shined into thee of a redeemed and glorified humanity, let it grow in thee to manly freedom and celestial glory. Temple of God thou art; let him fill thee with his own holiness.

I know well that life spent in the lowliness of our common business and relations seems a little thing, and that common, every-day duties look mean. Especially, one would say, this is a great degradation, from the mountain to the valley; from the splendors of the Lord to the obscurities of man; from the visions of celestial ideas to the doing of petty deeds; from worship before the mysterious pattern sanctuary to the raising up, piece by piece, of the small tent-work set for the daily task. A day of this lifetime of ours! How poor! To awake with the morning sun, to clothe and feed one's self, to go out and work, or buy and sell, through the many hours, to return at evening, and soon sleep again till morning,—this the history of a day, the history of life. Resemblance slight enough to the building and consecration of a temple to the infinite Father. Such the first view. But it is all superficial and scanty. A day is larger and deeper than this. And the life, made up of watchful days and nights of rest, reaches out into higher relations, and its least of things do really become infinite through the spirit in which they are wrought. There is the wonderful analogy before us always. The day with God;—how passes that? He is for ever doing things, how minute to the sense, how small and insignificant! He does not sit

enthroned in some magnificent palace, rolling out vast systems of suns and their earths, all complete and infinite. Suns and worlds from him, indeed, but not the less does he spend himself on the minutest thing upon their surface; the particle of air, the ray of light, the petal, and scent, and hue of the flower, the atom which floats in the air or lies on the cold earth. He does not decline to open the snow-drop, because he has worlds waiting on his word; he lets not the mist-wreath pass untinted, because he has suns to lead on their bright tracks; nor stays he the soft evening breeze, because he has planets to send out on their everlasting circuits.—[Sermons of Rev. T. Stone.

One Burning Word for Jesus.

THROUGH the columns of the "Guide," I want to say one burning word for Jesus; to pour forth the pent-up feelings of my soul. Recently, I have ventured the consecration, that brings full salvation to the soul, and now, by "sweet experience," I can say I am wholly the Lord's. Thine, Jesus! thine in the glowing love that casts out fear. O, *why* will Christians linger in the darkness—why cherish a depravity, that, in too many instances, proves fearfully fatal? And *when* will the church of God awake to the energetic life of holiness, and *shine* in the beautiful radiance of the sanctified spirit? When, O! when?

To my brothers and sisters, let me say, Do not rest short of your happy privilege. Why cling to sin, when you may, by an all-appropriating faith, possess that "holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord?" Do you not desire the blessing?—more, do you not ardently long to rid your souls of those foul sin-stains? What! a child of God, not wish to be holy—not wish to be like his *elder brother*, Jesus? It cannot be! Surely, if anything on earth is desirable, it is purity of heart.

Will you not, if you have not already proved by experience, the joy of full salvation, *now* seek it? *Now!* O, the *peril* of

procrastination! *Now*, the Father commands,—*now*, the Son pleads,—*now*, the sanctifying Spirit waits! God help you to seek this richest blessing, *now*.

EDWARD E. ROGERS.

Is Holiness necessary; if so, when?

BY A. J. MERCHANT.

THE readers of the "Guide" fully understand the signification of the word holiness, wherever it occurs upon its pages; hence it is not necessary to give any definition of the term, nor to propose any theory more specific than "sanctifying the Lord God in the heart;" (1. Peter iii. xv. ;) for this results in the glory of God; and by it, the *life* of the imitator of Christ is an exponent of "faith, hope, charity,"—is an unmistakable exemplification of the reason of the hope that is within him. If we have not as yet answered the proposed question, or if we have given some consideration to the subject, but felt ourselves trammelled by the influence of theories, long ago received and long cherished, let us reflect upon the preparation imperatively demanded in order to embrace the truth.

1. In the first place, there must be a divesting of all that can interpose the direct communication of truth, when perceived in a clear and radiant light in its own impressiveness to the heart. It is vain to come to the word of God for instruction, willingly shackled hand and foot by prejudice, preconceived opinions, and man-made theories, the offspring of the carnal mind. There must be a breaking up of all fellowship with these,—a bidding adieu to creeds and forms,—a dissolving alliance with former companions, *prejudice*, and all its train of concomitant errors in dark array. Opinions perhaps, long and dearly cherished, if unstable and vacillating being founded in possible error, must be flung to the winds, and the aisles of the soul left tenantless.

2. Now that the soul is freed from all

incumbrance, it is necessary that there should be therein such a fitting up, as will welcome the approach of truth. What shall constitute this furniture of the inner sanctuary of man? Love; the love of God, his word, and its truth unpolluted. God must be loved, "because he first loved us." His word must be loved, because it contains a perfect revelation of his will concerning us, because it reveals the duty of man to man, because it teaches the primary motives of Christian obedience and love, viz., to glorify God and advance his cause,—because it is the voice of the mighty Jehovah, speaking from heaven to man; speaking all that is necessary for his own glory, and all that Infinite Wisdom could devise for the welfare and happiness of a fallen and rebellious world, for its restoration to primitive purity and holiness; all that is necessary to furnish a sure passport to the haven of immortality and eternal life. As the Bible is the great fountain, the inexhaustible source of truth, truth must be loved for its own sake.

3. Another thought. If such a love of truth, as truth itself challenges from all, now dwells in the heart, it will be developed in humble, fervent prayer for the blessing of God to rest upon you, that, by his Spirit, he may, while you study his word, guide you into all truth. If this essential element be wanting, it evinces the fact that love of both God and his word is also wanting; therefore, there must be a harmony existing, a consistency manifest in the character of any one who would be in earnest, who would agonize to enter in at the straight gate,—holiness,—the only gate taught in the word of God. There must be a divestment, and a fitting up; a divestment of error of any and every form; a fitting up, consisting in love for God and his truth, and prayer for divine guidance.

Reader, art thou thus prepared? If truly thou art, now proceed to consider and answer the proposed question; but, if not, if thou dost still cherish prejudice and false doctrine, if thou hast no genuine love of truth, and art unwilling to invoke the pres-

ence and dictation of the Holy Spirit, it is next to impossible that truth shall find way to thy heart, and for this reason thy heart is now armed against its entrance. God requires humility and simplicity.

We now come to consider this infinitely important question,—Is holiness necessary? if so, when?

1. The first argument, in proof of the absolute necessity of holiness is founded on fact, viz.: *God has made provision, by which, through the operation of the Holy Ghost, all sin and unrighteousness may be purged away.* (See 1 John i. 7. 9.) This provision, the gift of Jesus, as our Savior, reveals the purpose of Deity respecting this question of necessary holiness. It will appear, by asking, Did God design that man should become holy, by furnishing means adequate to that end? The answer is, he did. It is clearly set forth in his character, as infinite in wisdom, justice and truth.

It would have been unwise to make greater provision than the exigencies of the case demanded; it would have been unjust to require a greater sacrifice than was necessary,—to send the Son of God into the world, that he might suffer and die,—die upon the cross, exclaiming, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" It would be in direct contravention of the truth of God, to suppose that less than this could suffice, for, "without the shedding of blood, there is no remission."—Heb. xi. 12. Therefore, "let God be true, and every man a liar," when thus, by providing therefor, he teaches that holiness is necessary.

2. A second argument is founded on the direct will of God. "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification," and "God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness."—1 Thess. iv. 3. 7. Also v. 23. "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly." See, further, Rom. xii. 12. Such scripture evidently implies that holiness and entire sanctification are in conformity to the will and good pleasure of God. He desires, that, by an indwelling

Christ, we should bear and reflect the divine image. Such a revelation of goodness developed toward us, is sufficient of itself to induce us to accept the proffered grace, richly vouchsafed in the gospel. What is our condition? There is a deadly malady infecting us more and more, with its ruinous influences, and the Great Physician offers a *perfect cure*. If the remedy is at hand, if the application be life, if God be ready and willing to effect the cure, who would question its necessity, or would delay a moment to be made whole?

3. Another sense in which the will of God is revealed, is, *in positive commands*; which is the foundation of a third argument. "Be ye holy, for I am holy."—1. Peter i. 16. The voice of God amid the thunderings of Mount Sinai, repeated by him, "who spake as never man spake," demands that "thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength."—Mat. xxii. 39. The will of God is the ultimate rule of duty. What it requires is imperatively necessary. Can any one think that God would have explicitly commanded what is not necessary?

4. A fourth argument is this: Heaven and all its inhabitants are holy, therefore, man must some time, *by faith in Christ*, be made holy, if ever he enters therein.—Heb. xii. 14. How impressive is this truth upon that heart not absolutely barred against it! How many thousands are now before the eternal throne, who were guided by the precept, "Be ye holy." A day is at hand, when he, that is unholy, shall be unholy still. Then let all who would enter the city of the New Jerusalem, put on the garments of righteousness and true holiness.

5. From these reflections we may settle it in our hearts, that by faith we must be made holy,—that holiness is not merely a privilege, a possibility, but an all-comprehensive duty established and revealed by Jehovah; provided for by the vicarious atonement, harmonizing with the will and good pleasure of God, resulting both in his

glory, and man's salvation, and hence imperatively made a condition of seeing the Lord. What evidence stronger, either in nature or amount, can the human mind receive, to induce conviction of truth, or move to action?

Holiness being necessary, it is of transcendent importance to know when. Is it in the far future, when God shall interpose, by a miracle, and gratuitously, (that is, without a conscious act of faith,) sanctify the heart? Or, is it when we are about to open our eyes upon the realities of our unchanging state? These two questions indicate theories taught by some who believe in the doctrine of entire holiness. "To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

1. Holiness is necessary *now*, for "now is the accepted time, and behold *now* is the day of salvation."—2. Cor. vi. 2. We have no intimation in the Scriptures that the doctrine of entire holiness was taught and preached as a future blessing. The general tenor of the Bible is *now*, be holy now. Now it is provided for, now it is the will of God, now it is commanded; therefore, now, it may be received by faith; *now it must be received, if ever*, for life is but an ever-present now.

2. In further proof of this doctrine of personal holiness, we offer a thought upon these words, "Be ye holy in all manner of conversation."—1 Pet. i. 15 and 2 Pet. ii. 11. "What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation?" This is the thought and this the argument. *If we fulfil the command, we must be holy now, for, it is impossible to be holy in all manner of conversation, unless the sanctifying grace of God has purified the heart; unless Christ reigns and rules in the heart without a rival.* Is it not impossible for the same fountain to send forth both "bitter and sweet waters?" "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" A pure, a holy heart, is the necessary antecedent to a holy conversation.

3. Again: "Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."—Heb. xii. 14. This is a broad, positive, all-embracing command. With all men we are to lead lives of holiness. How can this be, with all men, except we now, at once, embrace the proffered blessing which God with his own hand stretches forth to us—except we now, through faith in the all-atoning merits of our risen Lord, importunately cry, "Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me," that, in answer to our cry, we may now begin to live a life of obedience and love?

4. God hath spoken and confirmed, by an oath, his word; and now he remembers that oath by which he promised, "that he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear in holiness and righteousness before him *all the days of our life*."—Luke i. 74, 75. What does this language mean? It can be understood in no other sense than that in which it affords an incontestable proof in favor of Christian holiness now.

5. We may justly conclude that the entire sum and substance of duty founded in the law of God, is the following: Because "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin"—because it is in consonance with the "will of God in Christ Jesus,"—because "thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength,"—because "God hath manifested the great love wherewith he loved us,"—therefore we should love him—therefore we must be holy, holy now, "holy in all manner of conversation," "with all men," "all the days of our lives."

What he hath given, we receive,

Life from a death of sin;

We ask in faith, we now believe,

We now are freed through him.

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The World no Longer Mine.

BY J. H. REEVES.

THE world's no longer mine;
Forsaking all for thee,
Henceforth, my Lord, I'm only thine,
To all eternity.

I bathe my weary breast
In love's unfathomed sea,
The storm of passions lulled to rest,
To all eternity.

All worldly happiness,
Has now no charms for me;
In Christ I have the sum of bliss,
To all eternity.

What glories I behold,
My risen Lord, in thee!
And still new glories shall unfold,
To all eternity.

Jesus, himself, hath given,
Henceforth my all to be;
How blest am I—in earth—in heaven—
To all eternity!

Influence.

BY MRS. RHOBE H. LEONARD.

It may safely be asserted, that no one, however degraded, is entirely destitute of influence. He may have but very little influence over certain classes of persons, while he exerts a powerful one over those of his own character. But our influence for good or evil depends in no small degree upon the reputation that we sustain. Infidelity would be still more dangerous than it is, if it did not curtail the power of its votaries, by its deleterious effects upon their lives. And we are all responsible for the influence that we exert. We have no right to be careless in reference to the manner in which our power over others is used.

If this reasoning be true, what should be the conduct of him who is called to be holy in all manner of conversation?—to whom it is said, by God himself, "Be ye holy, for I am a holy." If Christians always realized as they ought the weight of their influence upon others, and the degree to which it

may tell upon their happiness for time and eternity, would there be so much inconsistency among them as now mars the lives of many of the professed followers of Christ? Did they but consider that one hasty word of theirs may keep a soul back from the kingdom of God, would they not be more circumspect in their conversation? Christian mother, that thoughtless word of yours may beget a train of reasoning that will lead your child into the labyrinths of infidelity, where he shall wander amid moral darkness until he plunges into the bottomless pit, and is forever shut out from happiness, purity and God. Father, that unchristian act of yours was observed by your little son, and the remembrance of it is engraven upon his memory. It may turn the scale with him in favor of evil, and cause him to plunge deeper and deeper into vice, until, unfit for earth, he sinks into the abodes of endless despair. We think that we have somewhere seen the statement, that a careless word from the lips of his father, was one principal cause of Voltaire's infidelity.

With what circumspection should the child of God walk before his fellow men! Does it not become us to ask what is requisite to render our influence a sanctified one? Can anything short of a heart cleansed from all sin, and filled with the love of God, enable us rightly to discharge our duty in these respects? No. For at no other time are we so vigilant and watchful as when the soul is drinking from this fountain of purity and bliss. Then give yourself no rest until you know by experience that the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin. Then will your influence prove mighty for good, and the means of leading many to the cross here and to endless joy hereafter. Will the results of the influence of Fletcher, Bramwell, Carvosso, and Mrs. Rogers, end with time? Far from it. The revelations of the judgment day and of eternity alone can unfold the great good that will result from their influence upon their fellow mortals.

Pencillings by the Way.

BY DORA.

THE storm-clouds have been dispersed! The tempestuous winds have ceased! The angry waves have been calmed! A voice has been heard above the thunder of the tempest, "Peace, be still!" To-day I feel that my soul is grounded on the Rock of Ages. I have been renewing my covenant with God. I rest on Christ, and trust him to save me from every thing opposed to holiness; to grant me entire victory over the world, the flesh and the devil; to bestow upon me the invigorating, sanctifying and enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit. All these things I claim by faith, through the merits of the Crucified. Consequently, I find myself in possession of a peace that passeth understanding—an assurance of faith that enables me to assert my adoption and heirship with Christ. Shall I cease to sustain this relation? By faith I stand.

When the sacrifice becomes marred—when my faith ceases to lay hold upon the atonement, I then become an alien from God, and forfeit my title to the inheritance. I hope that this may never be, yet, I must "take heed." I must "keep my body under, and bring it into subjection." I must not be "high-minded, but fear," lest I come short of the promised rest. I want to be Christ-like—to have the *full and deep* impress of his image engraven on my heart, and, in order to obtain this, I must cleave to him with a strong faith, and love him with an undivided heart. I must cheerfully embrace the cross, for it crucifies self. I must not fear the furnace, for its fires consume the dross, and leave the gold more pure. I must not shun the rod, for "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." I must not murmur at trials and sufferings, for God hath chosen his people in the "furnace of affliction."

This is the night of weeping, but joy cometh in the morning. This is the time of fasting on the part of the bride, but it shall

be a day of feasting and great joy, when the bridegroom cometh. Now is the season of humiliation, but when the Head of the Church shall appear, she will be exalted. Afflictions first, and then the glory. Tribulation, and then the kingdom. The cross, and then the crown. The "straight gate" and "narrow way" must precede the "abundant entrance." We must die in order to live. We must be in subjection, in order to enjoy freedom. We must suffer, in order to reign. Abasement leads to exaltation—poverty to riches. Such are the paradoxes of the gospel. The one is the portion of this life, the other, of that which is to come. In all this we see the manifold wisdom of God. If we had ease, honor, and wealth in this world, we should not be heavenly-minded, but "earthly, sensual, and devilish," living in pleasure, forgetful of God, and unmindful of our future inheritance. "Where your treasure is, there *will your heart be also*," says Jesus.

Says one talented writer, "Stoop, and conquer; bow thyself and become invincible. He who esteems himself but little, stands on a vantage-ground with his fellow men. Like an eastern house, the heart has a lowly entrance, and every guest must bow his head, ere he can cross the threshold." The wisest man who ever lived, said, "Before honor, is *humility*," and the Savior advanced the same sentiment when he remarked, as a rebuke to his aspiring disciples, "He that is least among you all, the same shall be great." "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

"How great a help is humiliation for the progress of a soul that truly supports it! We find it in a thousand blessings for ourselves, and for our conduct toward others,—for our Lord gives his grace to the humble. Humility enables us to bear with others. The view of our own miseries can alone render us compassionate and indulgent toward those of others."

Where Christ reigns, he commands peace, for he is the Prince of peace.

Thoughts on Prayer.

BY MRS. E. R. WELLS.

WHEN this earth was in its primeval beauty and glory, man had converse with his Creator, face to face; he walked and talked with God, and no interruption to this communion caused his heart to mourn. But *sin* was born, and severed the links betwixt earth and heaven, man and his glorious Author, and left the darkness of impenetrable night to settle, in all its blackness, o'er present scenes and future joys. While no ray of light dawned to cheer the gloom, all was desolate and drear. The steps of man were weary, as he journeyed to the grave; but soon a voice, all musical, was heard, which chased the gloom, and threw a blaze of light and life athwart the surrounding night. "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head" floats on the breeze in angel tones. Expiring hope revives, and death henceforth is a conquered foe. This orphaned earth is thrown back into the galaxy of Jehovah's favor, and shares its Creator's love. Shout, all ye sons of the morning; for "God can be just, and yet the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus."

But no more is the voice of God heard, as he walked in Eden's vale; other means serve to disclose his will, to make known his requirements, and draw man into communion with him. A *throne of grace* is erected, a *mercy seat* established, and, through the blood of the covenant, we may draw nigh by faith,—*"ask and receive"* all needed good.

And, since it is our only hope, it is well if we consider the privilege of prayer. We conceive the question with us is not that of stern and iron-handed duty, but of privilege; not whether we must, but whether we may, pray. Does the great God, the Creator of the universe, the Upholder of all things, allow sinful mortals audience? May we petition the court of heaven, and disclose, in the ear of the Eternal, our griefs and fears, our joys and sorrows?

Does he, who ruleth in the heavens, and to whom the "inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers," condescend to regard our prayers, and listen to our complaints? O yes. In strains as sweet as fill the arched world of light, we hear therefrom, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Blessed privilege! As children approach a parent, so may man his Maker, with the same confidence and hope. And, while it is our privilege to pray, we can but feel the necessity of prayer. We are in a world of sin and sinners; our natures depraved and erring; the inherent tendency of our being is against holiness and God; how much we need the sustaining grace which is only given in answer to prayer! God has revealed conditions through which we may receive his blessing, and regain his likeness; it is by prayer only these results are obtained. If we would be holy, we must pray. Implanted within are desires for happiness which can be satiated only by Him who formed them, and the loadings of our spirits to the corruptions which enshroud us can be removed only by him who is our Redeemer and Purifier. The pleasures of earth are as vanity, and its joys as dust in the balance; for our immortal natures demand something elevating, enduring, and it is only by prayer these ardent longings are removed, these desires satisfied.

We are in a world of misery and death. Vice and ruin stare us in the face on every hand, and death only closes the fearful scene. Our friends die at our side, and the most touching affinities and tenderest ties are rudely wrecked and sundered by the hand of death. The loved ones of our hearts and homes lie in silence in the tomb, and our own limbs totter toward its brink. Soon its paleness will gather over us, the fever fires scorch us, the consumptive pains waste us, and, with one fearful stroke, death will weed us all away. Our natures start back, and shrink in fear at thought of the dying chill, and loathsome charnel-house, corruption's fearful power, the rev-

els of the feasting-worm, and stillness of the tomb. But there is a power which will enable us to rejoice in full prospect of all this, and exclaim, "For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain." There is a power that will make the deathbed scene the stepping-stone to a glorious immortality, and the grave the dressing chamber, in which we lay aside mortality's vestments, and put on the incorruptible, and that power is given in answer to prayer. If, then, such glorious results crown the pathway of the man of prayer, what can we ask more, in view of our necessities, than the privilege of prayer?

While it is a privilege and necessity to pray, there is beauty in prayer. It is helplessness casting itself on power, and feebleness clinging to Omnipotence. It is infirmity leaning on strength, and misery wooing bliss. It is unholiness embracing purity, and hatred desiring love. It is corruption panting for immortality, and earthborns claiming kindred to the skies. It is the "flight of the soul to the bosom of God," and the spirit soaring upward, and claiming nativity beyond the stars. It is the restless dove on fainting wing, turning to its loved repose. It is the soaring eagle, mounting upward in its flight, and, with steady gaze, pursuing the track, till lost to all below. It is the roving wanderer, looking toward his abiding-place, where are all his treasures and his gold. It is the prisoner mourning his fetters, and impatient to be freed, pleading for his release. It is the mariner of a dangerous sea, upon the reeling topmast, desiring the broad and quiet haven of repose. It is the soul, oppressed by earthly soarings, escaping to a broader, purer sphere, and bathing its plumes in the ethereal and eternal. O there is beauty—such as earth has not—in prayer!

But there is also power in prayer. It derives its energy from the promises of God, and, by faith in those promises, it is omnipotent. The treasures of grace are ever open to the draft of prayer. Importunity opens the gates of heaven, and our

prayers should wear the character of importunate knocking at the barrier which limits our approach to almighty Goodness. The consciousness of the faintest secret wish, in the depth of the heart, to know and commune with the infinite Source of holiness, should encourage us to knock and plead with unwearying perseverance, and never desist till we obtain the blessing. "Ask, and ye shall receive," is our warrant for prayer, and we cannot fail. Our prayers should be the holy violence of reiterated entreaty. They should be the loud and lengthened cry of him who finds no medium between a friendly access to the throne of grace, and the agonies of the lowest hell. These holy wrestlings and importunate pleadings; these groans unutterable, heard only by the ear of the Almighty; these sighs of penitence and tears of grief, which, in their agony, humbly motion heaven for relief, are all-powerful at the court above. The highest emergencies must yield; for the word of the Eternal is pledged to answer prayer. It is sublime to view the majesty of its power; heaven and earth may pass away, but every promise shall be fulfilled in answer to prayer. O then, ye seekers after pardon and holiness, urge your suit before God. Mountains shall sink and disappear; the sun stopped in its course; the elements robbed of power; ravenous beasts quieted; the floods stayed, and made to stand on either side as a wall of brass for your protection, rather than a single promise shall fail. Yes, for you, so weak and unworthy, miracles of power shall be wrought, if needful to answer the prayer of faith. Then plead, agonize, believe and prevail.

HUMILITY.—Nothing is more sublime than this grace; for it stands exalted above everything around it, and never attempts to soar higher.—[St. Augustine.]

TEACHINGS OF CHRIST.—"The philosophers of antiquity addressed themselves to the intellect, the words of Jesus lay hold of the heart."

The Testimony of an Old Pilgrim.

DEAR BRETHREN,—A little more than half a century past, I found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. About forty years since, I began to believe unto holiness, and enjoy it. I took hold, very feebly at first, on this text, "Reckon ye yourselves also to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, etc."—Rom. vi. 11. I did reckon with fear and trembling. God sealed the reckoning by his Spirit's bearing witness to my heart.

After that, I was often moved from my mountain—doubted and staggered—but never gave up. I had not clear views; did not understand the nature of the blessing. The subject was not then simplified, as at present, but taught in mystery. Every time I felt an evil temper, or any thing that I thought sin, it set me doubting. "How can this be, if God has sanctified me?" I had none to guide me aright. Those who preached it, mostly, darkened counsel by words, without knowledge.

But I was dedicated; holiness was my end and aim—my element. When I slid down, I climbed up again as often. Clouds and darkness beset me frequently. Man, the world, and Satan, were ever in array against me. But when God's light shone on my heart, which was not seldom, it shewed me that it was a devoted heart, wholly the Lord's.

I lived some years a mystery to myself, but the word and spirit gradually solved the mystery; the word showed me, that to be holy, was to be as God pleased—high or low, weak or strong, dull or engaged—still aiming at his glory.

People, then, who believed in it, thought perfect love made a wonderful creature of its subjects—always on the mountain top—never complaining of temptation—never seen to grieve and weep—never feeling the body's wants, or privations of any kind—never under heaviness of mind from physical cause, want, weariness or pain, and

the brain never so affected as to bow down the spirit, and bind the tongue, or hinder usefulness.

This idea would have destroyed, indeed it did much injure, me; but I was led to think on Job, and Jeremiah, and my Lord in the garden; and began to say, "Well if God please to place me in such circumstances of affliction, in this also I will glory; his will is my joy: the servant is not above his Lord, and his saints and prophets. Their example shows me the way the holy prophets went, and Jesus my forerunner. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. Blessed is the man that endureth temptation. We must, through much tribulation, enter into rest.

The Spirit guided my reason to settle one point, namely, my instability. I reasoned thus: "When near the fire, I am warm—with a candle in the room, it is light. Withdraw from the fire—I am cold: take away the candle—all is dark. So is my heart, old, wicked, cold, hard. When God dwells within, the old heart is new; the cold heart is warm; the stony heart, soft; the sinful heart pure. If the Lord depart, or rather, if I be removed from him; my heart is again old, cold, stony, wicked. I have nothing independent; he gives me no store to lay by; it is only by Christ dwelling within, and making all things new, that I can be sanctified, or remain one moment holy.

Now I have learned, if I feel insecure, to lay myself again on the altar, by a renewed act of self-dedication. If I but fear a stain, I repair straightway to the fountain, and there abide—there live, on the altar, close to the fountain—that is living indeed! there is heaven, let earth and hell rage as they may.

Mrs. Fletcher's life and experience was made a great blessing to me in years gone by. Like her I made "the will of God my refuge and rest." Later, I have read some of Mrs. Palmer's writings: they gave my faith a new impetus. I found she was simplifying the truth; and pointing out the

plain way the Scriptures teach; and in which, for some time, the Lord had been leading me. How we need to be pointed to that which we might see! How the Bible simplifies every thing! Holiness is but plain, pure, Bible religion; in its most simple, most lovely form. It has been blurred over with creeds and technicalities—or rather our minds have been so beclouded with these things lying between us and the Scriptures, that we have read through this mist; and seen men but as trees walking.

I am now aged and infirm, and can do little. I have felt a particular exercise of mind, of late increasing—the Spirit's inward groaning, that this scripture doctrine of holiness might spread; be better understood; and its reality more generally enjoyed. I have seemed to foresee this as the only means of ushering in God's kingdom.

When sudden attacks of illness have admonished me of my departure, I have felt as if I had something yet to do; and a sort of condemnation has rested on my mind, as though I had not borne my full testimony; yet I have watched thereunto: but hedges lie in my way, and I cannot as yet see a clear opening to duty.

I have long since heard of the little band that meet in New York city to seek for holiness.—“O might my lot be cast with these!” or some like them. I pray, “Lord, send, by whom thou wilt send; but let the clouds be dispersed that hang over Zion. Let righteousness spring up from the ground.”

A few days since I saw the Guide, for April 1857. I had never heard of this before. I there saw that the work was beginning for which my soul labored—or, for which the Spirit labored in me. In the communications, I found a fellowship with kindred spirits, who are engaged in this work. I see God is doing his work by them. I feel and see, that this is the little leaven which must leaven the whole lump—the churches and the world, till its kingdoms become the kingdom of our Lord Christ.

It is already stirring, moving, spreading, rising, never to settle again; its light never shall go out in obscurity, until the nations shall feel its power.

When the church is once filled with this holy leaven, then will the world be converted. It cannot stand before God's host, having on the full armor of righteousness and true holiness.

Go on, brethren and sisters. God will bring his sons from far, and his daughters from the ends of the earth, to join your humble ranks. Soon will be seen the latter day glory, when the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar; and on the bells of the horses shall be written Holiness unto the Lord.

I am wrapt up, filled, and fired with the subject and the prospect.

Yours in bonds of holiness,

A. JONES.

N. Gower, C. W.

Shining up Above.

IN the graveyard of a little village that nestles among the hills of New Hampshire, a gray, moss-covered stone bears the inscription:

“AGNES K—

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

Agnes K—, “Aunt Agnes” as I always called her, was one of those favored mortals who seem always to carry about with them a kind of portable sunshine. As of old the children of Israel had light in their dwellings when thick darkness was everywhere else; so in the darkest day there was sunshine, *heart-sunshine*, in Aunt Agnes's house—to the most threatening cloud she could see the “silver lining.”

I said I called her *Aunt Agnes*; but no mother could have watched over my young life with a love more unwearied or unselfish than did she.

I never knew my own mother—she died when I was too young to feel her loss; but there was a warm heart and a pleasant home

ready to receive the little orphan, and I was motherless but in name.

Dear Aunt Agnes! It is many a year since she went home to God; but her face is as clearly before me as if I had seen it but yesterday;—the kind, sunshiny face that was always so cheerful, so hopeful, so full of that peace “which passeth all understanding;”—I sometimes wonder if the one she wears among the angels can be pleasanter to look upon.

How well I remember one rainy day in the early summer! The tall elms that shaded our old brown farm-house were tossing their arms about wildly, and the wind went sweeping over the field, bending the long grass before it, or moaning round the corners of the house as though in search of something lost; while the rain fell thick and fast, hiding the distant hills, that yesterday had looked so green and smiling.

I was standing by the window, sighing for the bright June sunshine, my face reflecting back, no doubt, the cheerlessness out of doors, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and I turned to find Aunt Agnes's pleasant eyes looking into mine.

“’Tis shining up above, dear,” she said.

Shining up above;—it was true, and yet I had not thought of it. Our eyes could not see it—but only a little way above us—just the other side those dark clouds, heaven's own sunshine was as warm, and bright, and gladsome as ever.

It was a dark, wild night in mid-winter. Great snow-drifts had been piled up during the day, and now, that the darkness had come on, we could hear, though we could not see, the storm still raging.

Doubly dreary it was to us that night, for a shadow had fallen on our home, and from the circle gathered round the fire, one was missing.

All through the pleasant summer and the golden autumn, Aunt Agnes's only son—her first-born, and her darling—had been slowly but surely fading away, and when merry Christmas-time came, they had opened a grave through the white snow and the

frosty earth and buried him—buried him in one of those cheerless graveyards that disgrace New England, where the grass grows rank and tangled above the sleepers, and the dismal poplar trees stand like sentinels. To-night our hearts were with him in his grave; so, when little Alice, the household pet, laid her curly head in her mother's lap, she was but giving utterance to our own thoughts, as she exclaimed, with a sob, “Oh mother, hear how the wind blows, and only think of Willie all alone in the graveyard!”

For a moment the mother's heart was wrung, and she thought only of her child, her child, alone in the darkness and tempest—the next, she caught a glimpse of the sea of glass, the streets of gold, the gates of pearl—of that city where there is no night, and of him who is the light thereof—of him in whom her dead boy trusted; and drawing the sobbing child closer to her, she whispered, “Allie, dear, *’tis shining up above.*”

IVY.

“First Pure, then Peaceable.”

THIS notable sentence from the apostle James, (chap. iii. 17,) is so often misquoted and misapplied, and thus made the occasion of a most monstrous perversion of religious sentiment, that it deserves a moment's special attention. What does it mean? What is the real doctrine herein taught?

The perverse application of it against which we plead, is this: First, some men quote it as if the words “*first pure, then peaceable,*” were all that belonged to that connection, and were to be taken apart, and by themselves, and interpreted without any regard to what precedes and follows. Secondly, they take the words “*first*” and “*then*” as indicating the *order of time* in which *purity* and *peace* are to be enjoyed; as if the sentence read—“first pure, then, after that, peaceable.” Thirdly, the application of this mode of interpretation is this, viz.: that a state of contention, disputation and strife in society is to be expected, and

even sought, until after purity is attained. This mode of interpreting Scripture, has always made litigious, contentious, belligerent professors of religion—exactly and palpably what the apostle James condemns in this same passage in most unmeasured terms.

Now, against all this perversion of one of the most precious passages of Holy Writ, we have to say, first, that the sentence "first pure, then peaceable," is grammatically and doctrinally connected with the preceding and following sentences, in connection with which it is to be explained. Secondly, the particular words, "*first*," and "*then*," in the sentence, do not mark an *order of time*, as if the apostle meant to say, "first pure, and then, after that, peaceable," but simply mark the *order of enumeration* of the apostle, by which he counts up and then sets forth, the several characteristics of that "wisdom which is above." He is speaking of the "wisdom from above," in contradistinction from that wisdom mentioned in verse 15, and which he says "is earthly, sensual, devilish." And he says, of this heavenly wisdom, that it possesses the following characteristics, to wit, "first, it is pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." Here, then, is the simple idea of *enumeration* of qualities. As if he had said, "first, pure, secondly, peaceable, thirdly, gentle, fourthly, easy to be entreated," etc. The idea is not that the heavenly wisdom is not "peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy," until *after* it has accomplished the work of *purity*, but the idea is exactly the contrary. The idea is, that the heavenly wisdom possesses all these qualities at one and the same time; so that he that has not one and all these blessed fruits in his own soul, has not got heavenly wisdom. These graces all stand conjoined in the same category, and the "wisdom that is from above," can no

more be "*pure*," without being at the same time "*peaceable*," than it can be "*pure*" without being "*gentle*, easy to be entreated, full of mercy, and without hypocrisy."

This is the idea of this most precious passage. You can hereby tell, at a glance, whether you have the true wisdom, or only that which is "earthly, sensual, devilish." For this last wisdom engenders "bitter envying, strife, confusion, and every evil work," as James says, in verse 16. But in the very next verse he contrasts with this, as the light against the shadow of the same picture, the "wisdom which is from above," which is "pure, peaceable, gentle," etc. Furthermore, in the next verse, (verse 18,) he distinctly says: "Now the fruit of righteousness *is sown in peace*, (not in strife and contention,) of them [by them] that make peace." Then, in the next chapter, he still continues the same subject, showing that "wars and strife" among men spring from corrupt "lusts" of human nature, not from God, nor from the wisdom which is from above.

We protest, then, against the too common method of quoting and applying the words in question. A wisdom that is not "peaceable and gentle" is not "pure," is not of God. "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." We are never, indeed, to be at peace with sin, but we are, as members of Christ, to be at "peace among ourselves," and to "live peaceably with all men." We are to "follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another." He that cannot fight sin without a contentious, disputative spirit among his brethren, has never yet learned the Christian warfare. His idea of "*fight*," is borrowed from the carnal, not from the spiritual mind. His feet are not "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," neither does the "peace of God rule in his heart." Whoever yet made peace with a belligerent spirit? Whoever yet published the gospel of reconciliation with a contentious tongue? Who-

ever yet has set forward the blessed kingdom of Christ, by awaking and provoking in men strife and debate? We are afraid of such men. Paul says of such, that they are "doating, (literally have a *distemper*,) concerning questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings, perverse disputings, (margin, *gallings one of another*,) and destitute of the truth,—from such withdraw thyself." "Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine, which ye have learned, and avoid them." "Let your *gentleness* be made known unto all men." (Wesley's translation.) It is in this spirit we are to go forth to conquer the world.—"And into whatsoever house ye enter first, say, Peace be to this house. And if the son of peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it; if not, it shall return unto you again." Blessed Immanuel, Prince of peace, teach us, thy followers, to obey thy words, and to "follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." Rest assured, brother, that true piety can no more thrive with a contentious spirit, than civilization, education, and public morals, can flourish in a nation that is engaged in war, and has the spirit of war. How significant, how admonitory the words of Luke—"Then," (after the persecutions and public agitations had ceased, not before,) "*then* had the churches *rest* throughout all Judea, Galilee and Samaria, *and were edified*; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and the comfort of the Holy Ghost, *were multiplied*." May the Lord send such times and such prosperity, upon all the churches.—[Northern Christian Advocate.

WORLDLY CHRISTIANS.—"The distinguished and world-honored company of Christian Mammonists, appear as a drove of camels, heavily laden, yet all at full speed, and each in the confident expectation of passing through the eye of the needle, without stop or halt, both beasts and baggage."

Thy Will be Done.

BY A READER OF THE GUIDE.

IN reading an article, in the October number of the Guide, entitled "Divine Discipline," the following sentence particularly attracted my attention: "Could we see as God sees, and know as God knows, we would wish nothing in his government or discipline changed," and I was led to inquire how do *I* see the purposes of God toward me, in the deep afflictions through which I have passed, and the rich mercies bestowed upon me? After close examination, I can truly say I do not desire one act of his, in my own case, changed. The prevailing wish of my heart is, "Thy will be done." I am aware that much is involved in that petition, and that many trembling saints, who live for the *present and future*, inquire how can one feel so confident. The Lord has given the prayer for the *present*, and we may pray thus, trusting him for strength in the future. The *present* is all I can see the requirement demands; therefore I inquire why should not I joyfully acquiesce in the will of the Lord? Am I not a child of God, and ought I not fully from my inmost soul, utter that petition to which every holy being on earth and in heaven responds? Oh, with what rapture the mind is filled as it contemplates the state of this world when the church of Christ has faith to produce its realization! Now I cannot see as God sees, or know as God knows; but I can feel my insignificance to be so great, that I dare not raise one objection to my Father's wishes. Some *young* disciple may wish to know how my soul was brought, and how kept in such a state. I answer—by first giving myself to the Lord, and then *constantly looking unto Jesus as the author and finisher* of our salvation.

THE BIBLE.—The Word of God must not hang, like a jewel, only in the ear, but it must be cabined and locked up in the heart as its safest repository.